

Robert Frost's Pencil Pines

Here in the quiet and solitude
Frost was embraced by every mood;
As inspiration filled his mind
And soul to share with all mankind.

He penned his poems in slow longhand,
They flowed for all to understand;
In world of words, Frost loved so much,
He never lost the common touch.

Frost voice echoed through Pencil Pines
Where in his mind he birthed his lines;
He penned them on plain fools cap,
Then he would take his mid noon nap.

Two cottages enhance rural scene
Were painted white, aquamarine;
The poets spirit resides here,
It permeates the atmosphere.

Gene Griener